

# Activities of Women Prominent in the Social Life of the Nation's Capital

## In the Social World

By MAUD McDOUGALL.

When you have for your husband, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Director General of Railroads, and the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, and the Chairman of the Farm Loan Board, and the Chairman of the International High Commission, and the Chairman, ex-officio, of the War Finance Corporation, and the Treasurer of the Red Cross—and haven't at that laid yourself open to prosecution for bigamy—life is likely to be something of a merry-go-round. Which is probably why Mrs. McAdoo is prolonging her summer vacation longer than any of the other cabinet women.

She is the only one who is not either at home already or likely to be within a day or two. In fact her summer has been so broken up, that as she told a friend, "It has been hard to find the pieces." Just about as she got settled at White Sulphur Springs it became necessary for Secretary McAdoo to get more completely away from everything and everybody connected with his entire bunch of jobs—and so she packed up and one fine night when no one was looking, she sneaked off quietly and got lost in the West. Then, as long as he was there, there was a lot of business that had better be attended to before he came East; and it was not until mid-August that they got back to their summer cottage. Since then Mrs. McAdoo has really been at White Sulphur renewing acquaintance with her small daughter—when she hasn't been in Washington—and Mr. McAdoo has gone down for rather elastic week-ends, when he didn't have to go somewhere else. So she is certainly entitled to prolong her

vacation even though every one else is coming home.

And they certainly are! Mrs. Houston and Mrs. Redfield were expected by the end of the week, and undoubtedly came as per schedule, and Mrs. Gregory—the last, except Mrs. McAdoo—is due tomorrow. Mrs. Redfield has been in Washington pretty steadily since she and her husband returned from a long jaunt—partly business and partly pleasure—out to Seattle, up to Alaska and home through British America and Canada. A couple of weeks ago she went up to have a little visit with her daughter, Mrs. C. K. Drury, at Westfield, N. J., and last week joined Secretary Redfield at Lake Champlain for the Canadian-American Fisheries Conference. Mrs. Houston has been up at Wood's Hole since June, for the children's sake, and made frequent trips to Washington for her husband's sake.

Mrs. Gregory has been down in Texas with her mother, Mrs. Joseph Nalle, whose health is rather frail; and the Gregory family have been rather scattered—little Cornelia with her mother; Miss Jane staying with friends near Rockville, and sticking steadily at her job in the Food Administration until she had earned her vacation which she is finishing up now with Mr. and Mrs. William Clarke—old family friends—at Spring Lake, N. J.; the elder son, Thomas Watt, Jr., in a camp up in New England, and the younger, Nalle, at Winchester at school, from when he has just recently come home and joined his father in Washington.

For the rest, with the President's speaking trip—on behalf of the Fourth Liberty Loan (and the Dem-

ocratic party)—definitely abandoned, and his indefinite stay right here announced; with the Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall at home again; and the cabinet households getting back to their winter complements, and their winter quarters; and the diplomatic menages re-establishing themselves; and even members of the Supreme Court headed this way, Washington seems to be about to settle down for the winter fully a month before its usual time.

The Marshalls had about the longest vacation, and it seems to have been entirely satisfactory. Someone asked the Vice-President—"What in the world do you go to Petoskey, for? Nobody goes there!" To which "the President's only vice" responded promptly—"That's just why!" As Mrs. Marshall says, "We get pure air, good food, and perfect freedom there. We've been going there for so long—though this is only the second summer since we came to Washington, we had been there for thirteen years before that—that nobody pays any attention to us, or regards us as anything out of the ordinary. Really it's a blessed relief."

Since their return they have been absolutely quiet. Mrs. Marshall is authorized for the statement that they have not had a single engagement—and to an injured, "Well, you were out last Sunday evening!" she looked a bit puzzled, and admitted, "Why, yes, so we were; but we only went up to 'Twenty-twenty' for supper. We're likely to be there any Sunday night—but that doesn't count. That's not going out anywhere, you know?" Which might have puzzled any one who did not know Mrs. Marshall's intimacy with Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, of 209 Massachusetts avenue. About as soon as she was unpacked, Mrs. Marshall went up to see how the Red Cross work rooms of the ladies of the Senate, of which she is the head, were getting on, and was greeted with enthusiasm. Since then she has been up for a few hours every day, not however, putting in the long day at it that she did last winter.

Mrs. Baker has been away least of any of the cabinet women. Except



MRS. MARION G. DONK

Formerly Miss Ada Virginia Lear, who was married Wednesday afternoon at the home of her twin sister, Mrs. Ross Lauder Fryer, Chevy Chase.

for one or two week ends she has been right here in Washington all summer, and really very devoted to her own particular line of endeavor, "singing to the soldiers." She sang at one or another of the nearby camps thirteen nights in succession, during that awful August hot spell—and probably felt that the hell-spell for being continually occupied.

For the last week she has had staying with her little Mme. Tamaki Miura, the Japanese prima donna who has been the musical world for the last few seasons—and together they have gone here and there "singing to the soldiers"—to Camp Humphreys Monday night, to Leach Tuesday, to Dunbar High School (named for Paul Laurence Dunbar) where they gave a joint recital to a gathering of colored soldiers for whom an entertainment had been arranged there; and at Walter Reed Hospital where they entertained a big audience of convalescents Thursday; and to the National Service Club Friday—five nights in a row was something of a record for a professional grand opera lady, even though it was not to be compared with Mrs. Baker's record of thirteen nights. Mme. Miura made a great hit—naturally she sang some of her music from "Madame Butterfly"—and seemed on her part quite enthused with the experience.

Mrs. Baker made no attempt to entertain for her guests. "We could not do both, and Mme. Miura came to sing." So nothing was allowed to interfere with the singing. Perhaps Mrs. Baker felt more like singing when word of her husband's safe arrival in France reached her. She confessed on being congratulated that she had tried hard to keep herself too much occupied to have time to worry. And then I laughingly told her that it had been a great relief to me personally when I knew I didn't have to keep coked up any longer she said: "Well, you wouldn't believe how careless people are who ought to know enough to keep coked up. The first time Mr. Baker went over, I didn't even tell the children that he had gone. I didn't care to impose on them the necessity of coking up. But four days after he had left they came home from school telling me that the children there were insisting that papa was on the way to France—which they had of course strenuously denied. When the children were of course, I told them the truth then—but it was perfectly evident that some one had been talking who ought not to have done so!"

Which adds to the enduring wonder at the immunity with which our big men come and go. There is another even now, in fact there are half a dozen others, but one in particular, one of our big executive men, the announcement of whose arrival is momentarily expected—and who will undoubtedly have arrived as this is read. And yet certainly hundreds know when these men are in transit, and some one is sure to be careless; if only in mentioning the fact before the children who won't understand the gravity of the necessity for silence; or carelessly in street cars and other public places where they cannot know who hears.

The cabinet people themselves are very careful. Only the night before word came of Baker's safe arrival. Mrs. Lane was discussing over the telephone the telephone rumors that have repeatedly come from abroad that the President was likely to go over. And she asked, "How about that other arrival— isn't it nearly time we were hearing of that?" It was. But since the word had not yet come, though a few more sentences were exchanged on the subject, neither she nor I mentioned any name. Both knew, and each knew that the other knew that there was probably no one within hearing at either end. But, well, it was better not!

Mrs. Lane, by the way, has been devoting all her energies to seeing a convalescent home which the War Relief organization of the Interior Department is about opening up, ready for its occupants. It is a big house, out on Georgia avenue, near Walter Reed Hospital, which has been rented and fitted up by the workers of the Interior Department, and which is designed to relieve, to a slight extent at least, the pressure on the overcrowded hospital; and to provide a place where convalescent soldiers, still in need of careful nursing, may be cared for in more cheerful surroundings than those provided by a military hospital.

The Interior Department War Work Association has shown a pioneer spirit from the very beginning, and this convalescent home which is being opened yesterday and today for inspection of the Interior Department employees and will receive its patients Monday, is quite a new departure for a government war work association. It is a pleasant country home surrounded by smooth lawn and shaded by fine trees. Mrs. Lane has been up to New York once or twice buying furnishings, and every morning for the last two weeks has gone downtown shopping for it—kitchen furnishings and little things—as soon as she had

started the machinery for her own household; rushed home to lunch, and to gather up such of yesterday's purchases as might have arrived, and certain friendly contributions, and in the afternoon taken them out there, superintended their installation, and busied herself out there until she had to rush home for dinner.

It promises to be a cheery place, all done up in pretty chintzes, and with the hospital suggestion thoroughly eliminated; and is being launched with every prospect of success. The Interior Department war workers have incorporated themselves in order to carry it out in a business-like fashion. It is being supported by pledges of from 10 to 25 cents a month from Interior Department employees—sums so small that they can scarcely prove a burden to any but in the aggregate yielding a very good income for the home. It is to be in charge of an experienced graduate nurse, with such assistance as may be required, and under the constant care and attention of physicians from Walter Reed Hospital which is under contract to supply the patients. It will be run by a committee of women, mostly from the wives of division chiefs of the department, of which Mrs. Lane is president. Mrs. Van H. Manning, vice president, and Mrs. Vogelsang, Mrs. Ira Copley, Mrs. Clay Tallman and ten or a dozen other active members.

In fact members have to be active, for one member must be always on the spot—on duty as officer of the day. And arrangements have been made for a number of young girls to serve as V. A. D.'s—just like the English volunteer aid department. They have undertaken to be on hand daily from 2 to 5 in the afternoon—during which time the nurse will have her rest and recreation—to read to the patients, and play games with them and make themselves generally useful.

Every one of the departments has its organized war work, usually under the direction of the wives of the department and bureau chiefs. The State Department's Red Cross Auxiliary work rooms, under the leadership of Mrs. Lansing, is a perfect beehive of the busiest sort of workers. Mrs. Lansing herself is there for part of nearly every day, and her associates are equally faithful. Their scheme—their little war shop, "The Bandbox"—is open always the first Saturday in each month for the sale of various articles, mostly of clothing that has been contributed, and is sold for trifling sums. It is really a sort of monthly "rummage sale" at which one can get wonderful bargains since the contributions come from the wardrobes of the smartest women in town, including many of the women of the diplomatic corps. It is quite on the cards that when these come home and begin weeding out their wardrobes there will be such a big stock on hand that it will be found necessary to run "the Bandbox" for a week for a "fall sale"—though as yet that has not been decided.

Individually, of course, all sorts of well-known girls and women of the younger set—especially those whose husbands are overseas—are taking government jobs. Just lately Marie Sims, daughter of Thetus Sims, of Tennessee, one of the best-known and most influential of the diplomatic corps, has recently taken a job as her brother-in-law's secretary. Her brother-in-law is Louis Brownlow, head of the Board of Commissioners, who run the District of Columbia. Marie Sims is one of the prettiest and most popular of the younger set here. Her father has been in Congress so long that she has practically grown up in Washington. She made her debut about three years ago, her younger sister Enid coming out rather informally because of war conditions last winter. Marie is a rarely attractive blonde, with hair like cornsilk, and the loveliest blonde coloring lighted up by a pair of merry hazel eyes, and a pair of smiling red lips. She's one of those thoroughly natural wholesome girls whom everybody

likes, and is a distinct ornament to any party. Which always helps some months ago it was currently reported that she was taking courses in stenography and typewriting and office accomplishments with a view to going over with the Red Cross. But for some reason that never panned out, and only a few days ago, it was finally and definitely announced that she had come to the rescue of her greatly harassed brother-in-law, when his secretary was called to the colors.

Miss Agnes Hart Wilson, Secretary Wilson's clever daughter, tells me that she has also joined Uncle Sam's war workers. She has taken a job in her father's department, not in his office, but in the adjustment division where she finds her work very interesting. She was secretary of her father's committee (on labor) when he was in Congress. Her father, when he entered the cabinet, though she has often helped out down in his office, working harder than most of his regular clerks without pay. Then came her mother's serious illness, and she had to give all her time and attention at home. Now Miss Mary Wilson has turned housekeeper, and Miss Agnes has turned "war worker." Neither of those girls has been out of Washington all summer. The farm which Miss Mary ran last year—and ran very well, as Miss Wilson loves to tell you, with big sisterly pride—has been leased this year, and except that Mrs. Wilson and Miss Jessie have been up there for a few weeks, returning about two weeks ago, has not known the Wilson family at all during the past summer.

To turn for a moment from work to play—most of official society's play this past week has centered around the Ira Nelson Morris, the United States Minister to Sweden, and his wife who have been at home on a vacation. They arrived about ten days ago, and of course immediately entertained at dinner by the Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing. Some friends had taken Dr. and Mrs. Richardson's pleasant country home, "Cliveden," out on Grant road, for them, and they established themselves there as soon as they arrived. They had a theory that they were going to get a little rest after a rather strenuous winter in Sweden, but they discovered that Washington in war times is not exactly a restful place. Still they have stuck it out—and they have been entertained and

### WHY SOCIETY WOMEN WASH THEIR OWN HAIR.

They do, not because it is a fad, but because they wish to obtain the greatest possible hair beauty and be sure they are not using anything harmful. They have found that in washing the hair it is never very dry, a makeshift, but is always advisable to use a preparation made for shampooing only. Many of our friends say they get the best results from a simple home-made Canthox mixture. You can use this at a cost of about 3 cents a shampoo by getting some Canthox from your drug-gist and dissolving a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This makes enough shampoo liquid to apply to all the hair instead of just the top of the head, as with most preparations. Dandruff, excess oil and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear in the rinsing water. Your hair will be so fluffy that it will look much heavier than it is. Its luster and softness will also delight you.—Adv.

entertaining almost constantly. Aside from their personal qualities, and a certain amount of complimentary of social entertaining which is more or less a matter of course, many people have been interested in getting their first hand knowledge of conditions in one of the most uncertain of the neutral countries—the one on whose friendship Germany is believed to rely most. And since Sweden is generally accounted as being more closely in touch with the Central Powers than perhaps any other country, Mr. Morris's reports of what he had gathered as to the probable conditions in Germany have been listened to most eagerly.

One can imagine, that when the diplomatic corps gets back to town and begins to look itself in the face and count noses it may feel inclined to sing the old refrain, "We shall meet and we shall miss him. There will be one vacant chair!"—etc. For as a matter of fact there will be

several vacant chairs, in the corps, and its next of kin, the Mission.

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.

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